

THE CORN-HOLIN' OF DAN MCGREW

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up  
In one of those Yukon halls  
And the kid that handles the music box  
Was slowly scratchin' his balls  
The "Pharaoh Kid" had his hand on the box  
Of the lady that's known as Lou,  
And down on the floor on top of a whore  
Lay Dangerous Dan McGrew.  
When out of the night that was black as a bitch  
And into the din and the smoke  
Stumbled a greasy old prick just in from the "Crick",  
With a rusty load in his poke.  
His pants were all split and covered with shit  
That looked like the white of an egg.  
And his balls were low and swung to and fro  
Each time he moved his leg.  
As he shouldered his way through that flea-bitten crowd  
He clutched at the crotch of his pants.  
He looked like a man with a bad dose of "clap"  
And the last stages of St. Vitus' Dance.  
As he spied McGrew on top that shrew  
His passion within him so burned  
That he pulled out his jock and displayed to the flock  
And everybody's ass-hole squirmed.  
Then a woman screamed and the lights went out  
And the stranger sprang in the dark.  
His aim was true and the old sparks flew  
As his pecker found its mark.  
With might and main and roars of pain  
A mans voice filled the room.  
With farts and means and sighs and groans  
Three figures lay stacked in the gloom.  
Then the lights went up and the stranger arose  
A satisfied look on his pan,  
While down on the floor with his ass-hole tore  
Lay poor old corn-holed Dan!

By: SNAKESHIT

THE SECOND RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

One night while he was drinking gin,  
He felt something tickle him beneath the chin.  
"What ho!" He cried as he pushed it down,  
"This means another mid-nite ride to town!"  
So over hill and and dale he sped on high;  
His mind set on a dead pigs eye.  
His love-stick throbbed for a pussy dear,  
And stuck up so high he could hardly steer.  
With a squeal of brakes he rode into town  
And went straight to the house of Amelia Brown.  
Now Amelia cradled the local cock  
And her snatch was formed on a butcher's block.  
With a piggish squeal and a fiendish groan  
He lifted her dress and he shoved "Steve" home.  
She wiggled her ass like a blushing bride;  
Only wished he'd leave his balls outside.  
Old Paul got off a bit uncertain,  
Wiped it off with a piece of curtain;  
Kissed the gal and farted  
Layed four-bits in her hand and then departed.  
Six days went by, perhaps a week;  
And old Paul discovered he'd sprung a leak.  
Well, it looked like Hell and smelled awful rotten,  
So he wrapped it up in a bale of cotton.  
A year went by and he couldn't stop it,  
So he bought him a share of the cotton market.  
The last words he said as he headed South,  
"Never again will I fuck in a lions mouth!"

By: SNAKESHIT

OLD LIL

I had a gal and her name was Lil,  
And lovin' that gal was like takin' a pill,  
Cause she even smelled like a barrel of swill,  
And stink, Gooooood Damn!

Well, I crammed her ass against the wall  
And I shoved it to her balls and all,  
And out come her heart, guts, gall, and all,  
And stink, Go-o-o-d Damn!

Well, old Lil liked it but she was a little green  
And her legs flew around like a flyin' machine,  
And the juice squirted out of her magazine,  
And stink, Go-o-o-d Damn!



### THE AMERICAN

Two women sat on a bench in a London Street, One said to the other, "Do you know Americans?"

"Do I know Americans!" the other replied. "Why it was just the other night that me old man says to me 'Go down and get a bucket of beer, and as I was leaving the Pub, who does I run into but an American.

"Before I could say Trafalagar Square, 'he grabs me, by the ass' shoves me under a tree, downs me, ins me, outs me, wipes his tally-whacker on me petticoat, drinks me old man's beer, pisses in the bucket, and walks off whistling, 'God Save the King' - and you asks me do I Know Americans?"

Rejected Poetry in Circulation  
A description of the Present Day..

A stranger stood at the gate of Hell,  
And the devil himself had answered the bell,  
He looked him over from head to toe,  
And said, "My friend, I'd like to know.  
What have you done in the line of sin,  
To entitle you to come within?"  
Then Franklin D., with his usual guile,  
Stepped forth and blazed his toothy smile.  
"When I took charge in thirty-three,  
A nations saith was mine," said he.  
"I promised this and I promised that,  
And I calmed them down with a fireside chat."  
"I spent their money on fishing trips,  
And fished from the decks of their battleships."  
"I gave them jobs of the P. W. A.  
Then raised their taxes and took it away.  
"I raised their wages and closed their shops,  
I killed their pigs and burned their crops."  
"I double-crossed both old and young,  
And still the fools my praises sung."  
"I brought back beer and what do you think?  
I taxed it so high they couldn't drink."  
"I furnished money with government loans,  
When they missed their payments I took their homes."  
"When I wanted to punish the fools, you know,  
I put my wife on the radio."  
"I paid them to let their farms lay still,  
And imported food stuff from Brazil."  
"I curtailed crops when I felt real mean,  
And shipped in corn from the Argentine."  
"When they'd start to worry, stew or fret,  
I'd get them chanting the alphabet."  
"With the A.A.A. and the N.L.B.  
The W.P.A. and the C.C.C."  
"With these many units I got their goats,  
And still I crammed it down their throats."  
"My workers worded with the speed of snails.  
While the taxpayers chewed their fingernails."  
"When the organizers needed dough,  
I closed up the plants for the C.I.O."  
"I ruined jobs and I ruined health,  
And I put the screws on the rich man's wealth."  
"And some who couldn't stand the gaff  
Would call on me and how I would laugh."  
"When they got to strong on certain things.  
I'd pack and head for the old warm springs."  
"I ruined their country, their homes and then,  
I place the blame on thenine old men."  
Now Franklin talked bothe long and loud,  
And the devil stood and his head was bowed.  
At last he said, "Lets make it clear."  
"You'll have to move, you can't stay hear."  
"For once you mingle with this mob,  
I'll have to hunt myself a job."



## A STORY

I'm one of the fellows who is making the world safe for Democracy. I fought and fought and fought--but I had to go anyway. I was called in class A. The next time I was to be in class B (Be here when they leave and here when they come back) I remember when I registered. I went up to a desk and the man in charge was our milk man. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "Oh, you know my name." He said, "What's your name?" I said, "August Childs" He said, "Are you Alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He said, "Where were you born?" I said, "Pittsburgh." He said, "When did you see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him 23 the first of September. He said, "The first of September You'll be in China and that'll be the last of August."

Then I went to camp and I guess they didn't think I would live long, because the first fellow I saw wrote on my card, "Flying Corps" I went a little farther and some fellow said, "Look what the wind is blowing in." I said, "Wind, nothing, the Draft is doing it." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit. As soon as you are in it you think you could fight anybody. They have two sizes--too small and too big. The pants were so tight I couldn't sit down. The shoes were so big, I turned around threetimes and they didn't move. The raincoat they gave me--it strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, "Didn't you notice my uniform, when you passed me?" I said, "Yes, What are you kicking about?" Look what they gave me."

One morning it was 5 degrees below zero and they called us out for underwear inspection. Talk about scenery--red flannels, BVD'S, all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am, Sir, but this underwear makes you think I am sitting down." He got mad and he put me out digging ditches. A little later he passed me and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and throw it in there. Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the Pier I had the worst luck. I had a Sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier. The Captain came by and said, "Fall In" I said, "I already have Sir."

I was on the boat for 12 days--seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. I leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of one of the boat leans, the Captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" "I'm all by myself." I said. He asked me if the Brigadier was upset. I said, "If I swallowed it, Sir, it's up." Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He replies, "I knew they'd lose it, it's been hanging over ever since we left New York. Well, we landed and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pop. I was shaking with Patriotism and tried to hide behind one of the trees, but there weren't enough trees for even the officers. The Captain came around and said, "We go over the top at Five o'clock." I said, "Captain, I'd like a Furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yess, Sir, but I don't want to see it."

Five o'clock we went over the top and 10,000 Japs came at us. The  
(over)







*Berkowitz*

AMERICAN RED CROSS  
Office of the Field Director

To Members of the Armed Forces:

Below is a half-sheet of instructions indicating how families can get messages to you quickly in cases of emergency. It is suggested that you mail these instructions home in your next letter.

The American Red Cross has nothing to do with the granting of furloughs for any matter - it acts solely as an agency to verify illnesses, deaths, and other home conditions. The information it receives is presented to the military for its actions.

It is often important that you be notified quickly of a critical illness or situation in your home. If you will advise your family to follow the procedure outlined below it will be to your advantage in cases of emergency.

No man can know when a critical illness or other emergency may strike his home - therefore you are urged to send the instructions below home as soon as possible.

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DETACH AND SEND HOME IN YOUR NEXT LETTER

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TO FAMILIES OF SERVICE MEN:

In cases of emergency involving a critical illness, death, or other serious matter at home, about which you wish to notify a member of the Armed Forces, you are advised to follow this procedure:

FIRST - Be sure a real emergency exists.

SECOND - Contact your local chapter of the American Red Cross, advise them of the emergency, and request them to send a radiogram through proper channels (which they will know) to the Field Director, American Red Cross, at the station where the service man is located.

THIRD - In case of critical illness the doctors diagnosis and prognosis should be sent. Otherwise it may be necessary for the Field Director to radio back for further information which may cause unnecessary delay. The doctor should also state if the presence of the service man would alleviate any specific emergency.

Inasmuch as the military required verification through the Red Cross in cases of emergency before it will take action, this procedure may save you valuable time! Show this slip to the Red Cross for its guidance.

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LEARN HOW TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR LOCAL RED CROSS NOW

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*i a*  
Here ~~are a couple~~ of jokes I found in one  
of my stationery boxes, I don't know if  
I sent these before or not because I got  
~~them~~ - them while I was still at the Ins.  
co. I hope you don't think I am a bad ~~girl~~  
girl because I send you these jokes,  
but I know you want me to, so here goes.

*you asked for it.*

WOLF \* WOLF \* WOLF \* WOLF \* WOLF

If he parks his little flivver  
Down beside the moonlit river,  
And you feel him all aquiver,  
Baby, he's a wolf.

If he says you're a gorgeous looking  
And that your dark eyes set him cooking,  
But your eyes ain't where he's looking,  
Baby, He's a wolf.

When he says your's an eyeful  
But his hands begin to trifle,  
And his heart pumps like a rifle,  
Baby, he's a wolf.

If by chance when you are kissing  
You can feel his heart a-missing,  
And you talk - but he won't listen,  
Baby, he's a wolf.

If his arms are strong like sinew,  
and he stirs the gypsy in you,  
So you want him close agin you,  
Maybe you're the Wolf.

*I typed this on my old wreck at*



home & I can hardly  
use it because I have  
such a swell on at work,



DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE LITTLE MORON WHO---

1. Went to a football game because he thought a quarterback was a refund.
2. Thought "NO KIDDING" meant birth control.
3. Put his old man in the ice box so he could have "cold pop".
4. Saluted the ice box, because the label said "General Electric."
5. Walked the sweater girl home so he could pull the wool over her eyes.
6. Slept with her Army husband's picture nine months and had paper dolls.
7. Was feeling low and got his face slapped.
8. Kissed the street car good-bye and went to work on his wife.
9. Thought "asphalt" meant rectum trouble.
10. Slept on the chandelier because he was a light sleeper.
11. Went to the sawmill because he wanted to see his draft board.
12. Cut off his arms so he could wear sleeveless sweaters.
13. Ate dynamite hoping his hair would grow in bangs.
14. Looked in his history book all day trying to find out who General Delivery was.
15. Wanted to cut off his nose to see what made it run.
16. Went into the living room because the doctor said he was going to die.
17. Sat down and cried and cried because her husband had gone out to shoot craps and she didn't know how to cook them.
18. Took a bale of hay to bed with him so he could feed his night mares.
19. Stayed up all night studying for a blood test.
20. Carried his cream and sugar to the show because he heard they were going to have a serial.
21. Cut his arms off, but that didn't bother him---he played by ear.
22. Punched his girl's eyes out so he could have a blind date.
23. Went to the show with two other morons. Two paid admission, but the third one wouldn't, saying- "My name is crime, and crime doesn't pay."
24. Wrote himself a letter and when asked what he said, replied, "I don't know, I won't get it until tomorrow."
25. Had his head out of the window so the wind could blow his nose.
26. Took off his knee cap to see if there was any beer in the joint.
27. Married a negro so his children could have chocolate milk.
28. Backed off the street car because he heard as soon as he got up someone would grab his seat.
29. Drank a bottle of whiskey before he went to bed so he could sleep tight.
30. Drank a bottle of mercurochrome before he went to bed so his dreams would be in technicolor.
31. Cut off his fingers so he could write shorthand.
32. Was awakened by the telephone ringing and when he answered the party at the other end of the wire apologized for calling the wrong number. The little moron replied, "Oh, that's all right, I had to get up to answer the phone anyway."
33. Was walking down the street with two other morons discussing their ambitions. The first two decided to be a doctor and lawyer, and the third one said he wanted to be a Vitamin. They laughed at him but he said, "The sign we just passed said Vitamin B-1..."
34. Took a yardstick to bed with him so he could measure how long he slept.



DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE LITTLE MORON WHO---

35. Went hunting and lamented the fact that he used a bullet on his game when the fall would have killed him.
36. Burned his fingers trying to put diapers on a cigarette butt.
37. Waited on the corner for a jam session so he could have some to go between his bread.
38. Took the clock to bed with him because it was fast.
39. While strolling along the beach saw a woman come out of the water NUDE, and said, "Boy! wouldn't she look good in a bathing suit!"
40. Said, "I'm glad my name is Bill - everyone calls me that anyway."
41. Cut off the black horse's tail to tell it from the white horse.
42. Slept with his feet hanging out of the bed because he didn't want those cold things in bed with him.
43. Pushed the cow off the cliff so he could see the "Jersey Bounce."
44. Sat on the lumber pile looking for the Board of Education.
45. Ran down the alphabet to "P".
46. Cut the toilet seat in half because his mother told him his half-brother was coming to visit him.
47. Put on his trousers backwards so he could be a Rear Admiral.
48. Put the clock under his pillow so he could sleep overtime.
49. Put the chair in the coffin so rigor mortis could set in.
50. The first night he was married sat up all night gazing out of the window because his mother told him it would be the most wonderful night he would ever have and he didn't want to miss it.
51. Cut a hole in the rug so he could see the floor show.
52. Swallowed the thermometer because he wanted to die by degrees.
53. Was pregnant: Little Inside Dope.
54. Took his secretary to bed with him so if anything came up she could take it down.
55. Wanted a divorce because he went home and found his wife in bed with laryngitis.
56. Stopped the train to let the lumber jack off.
57. Slept on his stomach because he heard the Japs were looking for a new naval base.
58. Was running behind the street car to town to save a nickel....  
The second Moron said "Why not run behind a taxi and save 35¢?"
59. Ran around the bed all night trying to catch a little sleep.
- 60/ Filled the gym with water because the coach told him he could be sub.
61. Took a ladder to the party because he heard the drinks were on the house.
62. Bragged and bragged because they told him he got +4 on his Wassermann Test.
63. Moron groom went to bed with his clothes on because someone told him he would go to town during the night.



ADULTRY-----Two young people doing the right thing.  
 ALIMONY-----The screwing you get for the screwing you got.  
 AVIATRIX-----A pilot who cannot fly up-side down without hav-  
 ing a crack up or tight side up without having a  
 bust up.  
 BLACK-OUT.....The reason a girl is apt to get blown into mater-  
 nity without ever knowing who it was.  
 BRAZZIER-----A devise that makes mole hills out of mountains  
 and visa-versa.  
 CHIVARLEY-----A man's inclination to defend a woman against every  
 man but himself.  
 INTERLUDE.....The time between the times.  
 KEPT WOMAN....One who wears mink all day and fox all night.  
 KISS.....Uptown shopping for downtown business.  
 LOVE-----Love is a sickness, it starts in the brain and ends  
 in bed.  
 MAYHEM-----An unnegotiated piece.  
 MINUTE MAN....A fellow who parks double in front of a house of ill-  
 repute.  
 NURSE.....A pan handler.  
 NURSERY.....A place to park last years fun untill it grows up  
 a bit.  
 OLD-MAID-----A girl of advance years who has gone through life with  
 no hits, no errors---presumably.  
 PAPOOSE.....A consolation prize for taking a chance on an Indian  
 blanket.  
 PASSION.....A feeling you feel, when you feel your going to feel  
 a feeling you never felt before.  
 PREGNANCE.....A WOMAN all swelled up over her males work.  
 PROSTITUTE.....A busy body.  
 DIVORCE.....What happens when two people cannot stomach each other  
 any more.  
 RAPE.....Seduction without salesmanship.  
 GLAMOR-GIRL...A much publicized young lady who occassionly is full  
 of oomph and frequently full of other things.  
 HORSE-SHOW....A lot of horses showing their asses to a lot of asses  
 showing their horses.  
 STOCKINGS.....Feminen pedal covering, that generally neither comes  
 to milay's expectations nor tickles her fancy.  
 TRIPLETS.....Taking seriously what was poked at you in fun.  
 VIRGIN-SHEEP..One that can run faster than the Shepard.  
 WIFE.....A gadget that you screw on the bed and it does your  
 house work.  
 SPRING.....When a young man's fancy turns to what a woman has  
 been thinking about all winter.



ADULTRY-----Two young people doing the right thing.  
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### A WIDOW'S CONFESSION

It has been almost a year since my husband's death and I promised him that I would never give myself to another man, my husband being the only man to whom I had given my body. On my past birthday a relative had given me a Saint Bernard dog. She said it would keep me company. He did too. He was so large he came almost to my waist. One day I was preparing to take a bath and had just unrobed when I heard a fire alarm. I ran to the front of my third story apartment to look out the window. Since I would have made myself absorb to the people across the street, being in the nude. I got down on all fours so as not to be seen by the people across the street. Suddenly pal, my dog, came up behind me and began sniffing my cunt. I was so embarrassed I tried to get up but couldn't. I started crawling toward my bedroom, but before I got half way across the room pal had his legs wrapped around me so that he jabbed me in the thighs with his prick. It was hot, and made me so hot that I decided that I wanted him to fuck me. I stopped struggling and reached back and guided it into my pussy. Oh!! It was so big and hard and long, much bigger than my husband's. I wondered if I could take it all, but months of stored up passion was in me. I never felt such bliss, with his big fussy body tickling my ass and his big hot prick going in and out. I thought I would faint. His prick was so long that it seemed to be pushing my lungs out. I came so fast and often it was like coming continuously. I finally fainted. When I came too I was lying prone on the floor, and pal was licking my ass. I felt his prick and it was still hard, so I took him into my bedroom. I lay on my back and he licked my cunt with his big red tongue. I thought I would go crazy. Then he got on and it was even better. I thought I would scream. Finally I made him quite and I thought I would die, I fell asleep immediately. I awoke the next morning and was sitting on the edge of the bed when pal came into the room. I pushed his head between my legs and just to feel his hot breath made me spread my legs apart. He began licking my cunt and I laid back on the bed in sheer ecstasy. He put his front feet upon me and put his dick in. It felt so good that I screamed. My scream was heard by the girl in the next room and she came running to see what the matter was. I couldn't stop even if I wanted to. She was hypnotized by what she saw. I told her that it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Suddenly before I could stop him pal had his head under her dress and was running his tongue over and over her pussy. She just stood there and trembled. Then with a little cry she grabbed a couple of pillows and laid on the floor. Pal went to work on her. She took some fancy lessons in fucking. They fucked for an hour. At first I just watched, but then I got so hot that I began to finger fuck myself. She saw me and motioned to come over to her. I did, and she pulled me down to a position over her face. Then she started to kiss my cunt. She sucked the come out of me and Oh lord how I loved it. When she got through I asked her to let me suck her cunt. She replied "Please do", She laid down and I started by kissing her beautiful pussy. Oh but it was sweet. Then I began to run my tongue in and out like she loved to have done. She began to moan. She wrapped her legs around me and said please don't stop now. I sucked her clean out and it was an hours work. Finally she went to sleep and I crawled in beside her dreamily. We were overfucked. What a day. HO HUM!!!!



AND SO ALAS! IT CAME TO PASS WE FELL FOR ONE ANOTHER.  
OUR LIVES WERE BLENDED IN BLISS AND JOY. THE SEQUEL YOU MAY GATHER:  
YOU MAY NOT WED RAYMONDE, MY BOY, BECAUSE I AM HER FATHER."

AGAIN SORE-STRICKEN HONGRAY FLED, AND SOUGHT HIS GRIEF TO SMOTHER,  
AND AS HE WRITHED UPON HIS BED TO HIM THERE CAME HIS MOTHER.  
THE MARQUIS DE LA GLACIERE WAS SNOWY-HAIRED AND FRIGID.  
HER WINTRY FEATURES CHISSELED WERE, HER MANNERS STIFF AND RIGID.  
THE PRIDE OF RACE WAS IN HER FACE, HER BEARING HIGH AND STATELY,  
AND SINKING DOWN BY HONGRAY'S SIDE SHE SPOKE TO HIM SEDATELY:  
"WHAT AILS YOU SO MY PRECIOUS CHILD? WHAT THINGS OF SORROW SMITE YOU?  
WHY ARE YOUR EYES SO WET AND WILD? COME, TELL ME, I INVITE YOU."  
AH! IF I TOLD YOU, MOTHER DEAR," SAID HONGRAY WITH A SHIVER,  
"ANOTHER'S HONOUR WOULD, I FEAR, BE IN THE SOUP FOREVER."  
"NAY TRUST," SHE BEGGED, "MY ONLY BOY, THE FOND MAMA WHO BORE YOU.  
PERHAPS I MAY, YOUR GRIEF ALLOY. PLEASE TELL ME, I IMPLORE YOU."

AND SO HIS STORY HONGRAY TOLD, IN ACCENTS CHOKED AND MUFFLED.  
THE MARQUIS LISTENED CALM AND COLD, HER VISAGE QUITE UNRUFFLED.  
HE TOLD OF MIRABELLE DU VEAU, HIS AGONY REVEALING.  
FOR RAYMONDE DE LA VEAL HIS WOE WAS QUITE BEYOND CONCEALING.  
AND STILL SHE SAT WITHOUT A WORD, HER LOOK SO HIGH AND HAUGHTY,  
YOU'D NE'ER HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS HER LORD WHO HAD BEHAVED SO NAUGHTY.  
THEN HONGRAY FINISHED UP: "FOR LIFE MY HOPES ARE DOOMED TO SLAUGHTER;  
FOR IF I CHOOSE ANOTHER WIFE, SHE'S SURE TO BE HIS DAUGHTER."  
THE MARQUIS ROSE. "CHEER UP," SAID SHE, "THE LAST WORD IS NOT SPOKEN.  
A MOTHER CANNOT SIT AND SEE HER BOY'S HEART RUDELY BROKEN.  
SO DRY YOUR TEARS AND CALM YOUR FEARS; NO LONGER NEED YOU TARRY;  
TODAY YOUR BRIDE YOU MAY DECIDE, TOMORROW YOU MAY MARRY.  
YES, YOU MAY WED WITH MIRABELLE, OR RAYMONDE IF YOU'D RATHER...  
FOR I AS WELL THE TRUTH MAY TELL... PAPA IS NOT YOUR FATHER."



MADAME LA MARQUISE  
BY ROBERT SERVICE

SAID HONGRAY DE LA GLACIERE UNTO HIS PROUD PAPA:

"I WANT TO TAKE A WIFE, MON PERE." THE MARQUISE LAUGHED: "HA! HA! AND WHOSE, MY SON?" HE SLYLY SAID; BUT HONGRAY WITH A FROWN CRIED: "FI! PAPA, I MEAN TO WED. I WANT TO SETTLE DOWN."

THE MARQUIS DE LA GLACIERE RESPONDED WITH A SMILE:

"YOU'RE YOUNG, MY BOY; I MUCH PREFER THAT YOU SHOULD WAIT AWHILE."

BUT HONGRAY SIGHED: "I CANNOT WAIT, FOR I AM TWENTY-FOUR;

AND I HAVE MET MY BLESSED FATE: I WORSHIP, I ADORE.

SUCH BEAUTY, GRACE AND CHARM HAS SHE, I'M SURE YOU WILL APPROVE, FOR IF I LIVE A CENTURY NONE OTHER CAN I LOVE."

"I HAVE NO DOUBT," THE MARQUIS SHRUGGED, THAT SHE'S A PROPER PET; BUT HAS SHE GOT A DECENT DOT, AND IS SHE OF OUR SET?"

"HER DOT," SAID HONGRAY, WILL SUFFICE; HER FAMILY YOU KNOW.

THE GIRL WITH WHOM I FAIN WOULD SPLICE IS MIRABELLE DU VEAU."

WHAT MADE THE MARQUIS START AND STARE AND CLUTCH HIS PERFUMED BEARD?

WHY DID HE STAGGER TO A CHAIR AND MURMER, "AS I FEARED"?

DILATED WERE HIS EYES WITH DREAD, AND IN A VOICE OF WOE

HE WAILED: "MY SON, YOU CANNOT WED WITH MIRABELLE DU VEAU."

"WHY NOT? MY PARENT," HONGRAY CRIED. "HER NAME'S WITHOUT A SLUR.

WHY SHOULD YOU LOOK SO HORRIFIED THAT I SHOULD WED WITH HER?"

THE MARQUIS GROANED: "UNHAPPY LAD! FORGET HER IF YOU CAN,

AND SEE IN YOUR RESPECTED DAD A MISERABLE MAN."

"WHAT IS THE MATTER? I REPEAT," SAID HONGRAY GROWING HOT.

"SHE'S WITTY, PRETTY, RICH AND SWEET.. THEN—MILLE DIABLES!—WHAT?"

THE MARQUIS MOANED: "ALAS! THAT I YOUR DREAMS OF BLISS SHOULD BANISH;

IT HAPPENED IN THE DAYS GONE-BY WHEN I WAS DON JUANISH.

HER MOTHER WAS YOUR MOTHERS FRIEND AND WE WERE MUCH TOGETHER.

AH WELL! YOU KNOW HOW SUCH THINGS END. (I BLAME IT ON THE WEATHER.)

WE HAD A VERY SULTRY SPELL. ONE DAY, MON DIEU! I KISSED HER.

MY SON, YOU CAN'T WED MIRABELLE. SHE IS... SHE IS YOUR SISTER."

SO BROKEN HEARTED HONGRAY WENT AND ROAMED THE WORLD AROUND,

TILL HUNTING IN THE OCCIDENT FORGETFULNESS HE FOUND.

THEN QUITE RECOVERED, HE RETURNED TO THE PATERNAL NEST,

UNTIL ONE DAY, WITH BROW THAT BURNED, THE MARQUIS HE ADDRESSED:

"FELICITATE ME, FATHER MINE; MY BRAIN IS IN A WHIRL;

FOR I HAVE FOUND THE MATE DEVINE, THE ONE, THE PERFECT GIRL.

SHE'S HEALTHY, WEALTHY, WITCHING, WISE, WITH LOVELINESS SERENE.

AH! PROUD AM I TO WIN A PRIZE, HALF ANGEL AND HALF QUEEN."

"'TIS TIME TO WED," THE MARQUIS SAID. "YOU MUST BE TWENTY-SEVEN.

BUT WHO IS SHE WHOSE LOT MAY BE TO MAKE YOUR LIFE A HEAVEN?"

"A FRIEND OF CHILDHOOD," HONGRAY CRIED. "FOR WHOM REGARD YOU FEEL.

THE MAID I FAIN WOULD MAKE MY BRIDE IS RAYMONDE DE LA VEAL."

THE MARQUIS DE LA GLACIERE COLLAPSED UPON THE FLOOR,

AND ALL THE WORDS HE UTTERED WERE: "FORGIVE ME, I IMPORE.

MY SINS ARE HEAVY ON MY HEAD. PROFOUND REMORSE I FEEL.

MY SON YOU SIMPLY CANNOT WED WITH RAYMONDE DE LA VEAL."

THEN HONGRAY SPOKE WITH VOICE THAT BROKE, AND CORRUGATED BROW:

"INFORM ME, SIR, WHY YOU DEMUR. WHAT IS THE MATTER NOW?"

THE MARQUIS WAILED: "MY WICKED YOUTH! MY AGONY EXPLAIN...

A CURSED CASANOVA I; A FINISHED FLIRT HER MOTHER;



THE BALLAD OF TOUCH THE BUTTON NELL  
BY ROBERT SERVICE

BEYOND THE ROCKING BRIDGE IT LIES, THE BURG OF EVIL FAME  
THE HUTS WHERE HIVE AND SWARM AND THRIVE THE SISTERHOOD OF SHAME.  
THROUGH ALL THE NIGHT EACH CABIN LIGHT GOES OUT AND THEN GOES IN,  
A BLOOD-RED HELIOGRAPH OF LUST, A SEMAPHORE OF SIN.  
FROM DAWSON TOWN, SOFT SULKING DOWN, EACH LEWDSTER SEEKS HIS MATE:  
AND GLAD AND BAD, KIMONO CALD, THE WANTON WOMEN WAIT.  
THE KLONDIKE GOSSIPS TO THE MOON, AND SIMMERS O'ER ITS BARS;  
EACH SILENT HILL IS DARK AND CHILL, AND CHILL THE PATIENT STARS.  
YET HARK! UPON THE ROCKING BRIDGE A BACCHANALIAN STEP;  
A WHISPERED: "COME," THE SKIRL OF SOME HELL-RAKING DEMITREP...

THEY GAVE A DANCE IN LOUSETOWN, AND THE TENDERLOIN WAS THERE,  
THE GIRLS WERE FRESH AND FROLIC SOME, AND NEARLY ALL WERE FAIR.  
THEY FLAUNTED ON THEIR BACKS THE SPOIL OF HALF-A-DOZEN TOWNS;  
AND SOME THEY BLAZED IN GEMS OF PRICE, AND SOME WORE PARIS GOWNS.  
THE VOTING WAS DIVIDED AS TO WHO MIGHT BE THE BELLE;  
BUT ALL OPINED, THE WINSOMEST WAS TOUCH-THE-BUTTON-NELL.

AMONG THE MERRY MOB OF MEN WAS ONE WHO DID NOT DANCE,  
BUT WATCHED THE LIGHT FANTASTIC WITH A SOUR AND SULLEN GLANCE.  
THEY SAW HIS WHITE TEETH GRIT AND GLEAM, THEY SAW HIS THICK LIPS TWITCH.  
THEY KNEW HIM FOR THE GIANT SLAV, ONE RILEY DOOLEYVITCH.

"OH RILEY DOOLEYVITCH, COME FORTH," QUOTH TOUCH-THE-BUTTON-NELL,  
"AND DANCE A STEP OR TWO WITH ME—THE MUSIC'S SOMPLY SWELL."  
HE CRUSHED HER IN HIS MIGHTY ARMS, A MEEK, BEGUILING WITCH.  
"WITH YOU, OH NELL, I'D DANCE TO HELL," SAID RILEY DOOLEYVITCH.

HE WALTZED HER UP, HE WALTZED HER DOWN, HE WALTZED HER 'ROUND THE HALL;  
HIS HEART WAS PUTTY IN HER HANDS, HIS VERY SOUL WAS THRALL.  
AS ANTHONY OF OLD SUCCUMBED TO CLEOPATRA'S SPELL,  
SO RILEY DOOLEYVITCH BOWED DOWN TO TOUCH-THE-BUTTON-NELL.

"AND DO YOU LOVE ME TRUE?" SHE CRIED. "I LOVE YOU AS MY LIFE."  
"HOW CAN YOU PROVE YOUR LOVE?" SHE SIGHED. "I BEG YOU BE MY WIFE."  
I STAKE BIG PAY UP HUNKER WAY; SOME DAY I'LL BE SO RICH;  
I MAKE YOU SHINE IN SATINS FINE," SAID RILEY DOOLEYVITCH.

"SOME DAY YOU'LL BE SO RICH," SHE MOCKED; "THAT OLD PIPE-DREAM DON'T GO.  
WHO GETS AN OPTION ON THIS KID MUST HAVE THE COIN TO SHOW.  
YOU WORK YOUR GROUND. WHEN SPRING COMES ROUND, OUR WEDDING BELLS WILL RING.  
I'M ON THE SQUARE, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL THE GOLD YOU BRING."

SO RILEY DOOLEYVITCH WENT BACK AND WORKED UPON HIS CLAIM;  
HE DITCHED AND DRIFTED, SUNK AND STOPED, WITH ONE UNSWERVING AIM;  
AND WHEN HIS POKE OF RAW MOOSE-HIDE WITH DUST BEGAN TO SWELL,  
HE BROUGHT AND LAID IT AT THE FEET OF TOUCH-THE-BUTTON-NELL.

. . . . .

NOW LIKE ALL OTHERS OF HER ILK, THE LADY HAD A FRIEND,  
AND WHAT SHE MADE BY WAY OF TRADE, SHE GAVE TO HIM TO SPEND;  
TO STAKE HIM IN A POKER GAME, OR PAY HIS BAR-ROOM SCORE;  
HE WAS A PIMP FROM PARIS, AND HIS NAME WAS LEW LAMORE.



BOHEMIAN LOVE DITTY.

Meet me tonight my darling,  
Oh! I long to see your face,  
I've been so sad since our parting  
How I long for your embrace.

Put your arms around me honey,  
Kiss my cheeks until I blush;  
Press me close until I'm startled,  
If I murmur make me hush.

Keep your arms around me honey,  
you're the one I love the best,  
Lay me down upon the sofa,  
Now I'm happy, let me rest ,

Want to lay down beside me, honey?  
Naughty boy will you be good?  
You say you will, but can I trust you?  
I would not refuse you if I could.

Oh! how hot your lips are, darling,  
Put your hands beneath my dress,  
I could keep you here forever,  
I would be more than earthly bliss.

Keep a little closer ,darling,  
How delicious is your kiss,  
Put your hand a little closer, darling  
Now your on my co-co nest.

Put your hand upon it,darling.  
Tickle me, you know the place,  
There! that's it, darling,  
Oh! I'm drifting into space.

Kiss me, kiss me precious baby,  
Then I'll let you do the rest,  
Surely I can trust you, darling  
Of all the boys I love2 you the best.

Tell me that you love me darlings  
Say you do and we'll begin,  
Oh you want it badly, don't you,  
well, I'll let you slip it in.

Put it in slowly, gently,  
My gracious, what a man.  
Honey, honey, please be carefull,  
You may have more than I can stand.

Lazy now and push it gently,  
Yes, it reaches, my little pet,  
But it doesn't hurt me any,  
Please don't put it all in yet.

I will put my leg around you,  
Oh, my God, you've got it in,  
I can feel my pussy throbbing,  
Surely this is not a sin.

Hold me closer to you, darling,  
Push it farther if you can,  
Work it in and out, my baby,  
What is life without a man.

Stop a moment, somethin's broken,  
Oh, my honey I'm going to die,  
The pearly gates of heaven are open,  
Darling, darling, tell me why,

Tired and sleepy are you darling?  
Well, let us stop and res awhile,  
Oh you darling angel child.

No one knows we've to HHeaven,  
And saw the angels all around us white,  
But now we know the feeling, darling,  
And we'll go there every night.



A little maiden assing by,  
A little winking of the eye.  
A little smile, a little date,  
To meet when the hour is late.  
A little room in some hotel,  
A little promise not to tell,  
A little fussing in a chair,  
A little mussing of the hair.

A little drink, a fond caress,  
A little question, an assuring "yes!"  
A little shirtwaist laid aside,  
A little breast that tries to hide.  
A little hand that went a-stealing,  
A little please with funnt feeling.  
A little coaxing, a little teasing,  
A form revealed that is most pleasing.

A pair of panties mostly lace,  
A little blush upon her face.  
A little shadowing of the light,  
A little bed with sheets so white.  
A little loving in the gloom,  
A sigh, a quiet room.  
A pair of lips so warm and wet,  
A little whisper, please not yet.

A little pillow from the head,  
Slipped beneath the hips instead.  
A little effort to begin,  
A little help to get it in.  
Two little arms to grip me tight.  
And then I ask, "does it feel alright"  
She smiles and says, "Oh! It feels so good"  
And I reply, "I knew it would."

Two little legs around me twine,  
Two little eyes look into mine,  
A little movement to and fro.  
A little ah a little oh.  
A little whisper, give me all you got.  
Two hearts that beat as one.  
~~Two hearts that beat as one~~  
Two lovers having fun,  
A little effort to repeat,  
A little spot upon the sheet.

A little shower when you're through,  
A little drink or maybe two,  
A little sleep and finally when,  
Breakfast in bed at half-past ten,  
A little bill, a little tip,  
The porter wishing a pleasant trip,  
A little weariness the next day,  
Like little children after play,  
A little wish that you and I,  
May repeat it by and by.



Joke.

I don't know whether you have heard this one before or not, because I had, but I'll send it anyway.

"ANDY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT"

Andy wished to purchase a birthday gift for Madame Queen, and after much consideration, decided on a pair of gloves. He accompanied Mrs. Kingfish to a lady's furnishing store to purchase the gloves and Mrs. Kingfish purchased a pair of bloomers. The packages were mixed up in the store and the package containing the bloomers were sent with Andy's letter to Madame Queen.

Dear Honey:

This is a little token to remind you that I'm keeping the date of your birthday. I chose them as I thought you would need them as you are not in the habit of wearing any in the evening, when we go out. If it had not been for Brother Kingfish's Battle-axe, I would have chosen long ones with buttons, but she said they were wearing short ones now. They are delicate in color, and the lady I bought them from showed me a pair she had been wearing for three weeks, and they were hardly soiled.

How I wish I could put them on you, honey, for the first time, but no doubt many other hands will come in contact with them long before I see them on you. After you put them on once, they will slip on easily. When you pull them off, blow in them as they will naturally be a little damp after wearing. Be sure to wear them to the dance Saturday night as I'm crazy to see them on you.

Love,

Andy

P. S. Think of the number of times I will kiss the back of them this coming year. Mrs. Kingfish said the latest style is to wear them unbuttoned, and hanging down.



AND SO AS DOOLEYVITCH WENT FORTH AND WORKED AS HE WAS BID,  
AND WRESTED FROM THE FROZEN MUCK THE YELLOW STUFF IT HID,  
AND BROUGHT IT TO HIS LADY NELL, SHE GAVE HIM LOVE GALORE—  
BUT H ANDED OVER ALL HER GAINS TO FESTIVE LEW LAMORE.

A YEAR HAD GONE, A WEARY YEAR OF STRAIN AND BLOODY SWEAT;  
OF PA IN AND HURT IN DARK AND DIRT, OF FEAR THAT SHE'D FORGET.  
H E SOUGHT ONCE MORE HER CABIN DOOR: "I'VE LABOURED LIKE A BEAST;  
BUT NOW, DEAR ONE, THE TIME HAS COME TO GO BEFORE THE PRIEST.

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU GOLD—A HUNDRED-FOLD I'LL BRING YOU BY-AND-BY;  
BUT OH I WANT YOU, WANT YOU BAD; I WANT YOU TILL I DIE.  
COME, QUIT THIS LIFE WITH EVIL RIFE—WE'LL JOY WHILE YET WE CAN...."  
" I MAY NOT WED WITH YOU," SHE SAID; "I LOVE ANOTHER MAN.

"I LOVE HIM AND I HATE HIM SO. HE HOLDS ME IN A SPELL.  
HE BEATS ME—SEE MY BRUISED BREAST; HE MAKES MY LIFE A HELL.  
HE BLEEDS ME, AS BY SIN AND SHAME I EARN MY DAILY BREAD:  
OH CRUEL FATE, I CANNOT MATE TILL LEW LAMORE BE DEAD!"

. . . . .

THE LONG, LEAN FLUME STREAKED DOWN THE HILL, FIVE HUNDRED FEET OF FALL;  
THE WATERS IN THE DAM ABOVE CHAFED AT THEIR PRISION WALL;  
THEY SURGED AND SWEEPED, THEY CHURNED AND LEAPT, WITH SAVAGE GLEE AND STRIFE;  
WITH SPRAY AND SPUME THE DIZZY FLUME THRILLED LIKE A THING OF LIFE.

"WE MUST BE FREE," THE WATERS CRIED, AND SCURRIED DOWN THE SLOPE;  
"NO POWER CAN HOLD US BACK," THEY ROARED, AND HURRIED IN THEIR HOPE.  
INTO A MIGHTY PIPE THEY PLUNGED; LIKE MADDENED STEERS THEY RAN,  
AND CRASHED OUT THROUGH A SHARD OF STEEL—TO SERVE THE WILL OF MAN.

AND THERE, HYDRAULICKING HIS GROUND BESIDE A BEDROCK DITCH,  
WITH EYE AFLAME AND SAVAGE AIM WAS RILEY DOOLEYVITCH.  
IN LONG HIP-BOOTS AND OVERALLS, AND DINGY DENIM SHIRT,  
BEHIND A GIANT MONITOR HE POUNDED AT THE DIRT.

A STEELY SHAFT OF WATER SHOT, AND SMOTE THE FACE OF CKAY;  
IT BURROWED IN THE FROZEN MUCK, AND SCOOPED THE DIRT AWAY;  
IT GORED THE GRAVEL FROM ITS BED, IT BELLOWED LIKE A BULL;  
IT HURLED THE HEAVY ROCKS ALOFT LIKE HEAPS OF FLEECY WOOL.

STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN WAS THERE, RESISTLESS MIGHT AND SKILL,  
AND ONLY RILEY DOOLEYVITCH TO SWING IT AT HIS WILL.  
HE PLAYED IT UP, HE PLAYED IT DOWN, NIGH DEAFENED BY ITS ROAR,  
'TIL SUDDENLY HE RAISED HIS EYES AND THERE STOOD LEW LAMORE.

PIG-EYED AND HEAVY JOWLED HE STOOD, AND PUFFED A BIG CIGAR;  
AS COOL AS THOUGH HE RULED THE ROOST IN SOME MONTMARTRE BAR.  
HE SEEMED TO SAY: "I'VE GOT A CINCH, A DOUBLED DIAMOND HITCH:  
I'LL SKIN THIS MUSCOVITISH OAF, THIS RILEY DOOLEYVITCH."

HE SHOUTED: " STOP ZE WATER GUN; IT STUN ME...SACRÉ DAMN!  
I'D LIKE TO MAKE ONE BUSINESS DEAL; YOU KNOW ZE MAN I AM.  
ZAT LEETLE GIRL, SHE LOVE ME SO—I TELL YOU WHAT I DO:  
YOU GEEVE TO ME ZEES CLAIM...JEEZCRIZE!, I GEEVE ZAT GIRL TO YOU."

"I'LL SEE YOU DAMNED," SAYS DOOLEYVITCH; BUT ERE H E CHECKED HIS TOUNGE,



(IT MAY HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT) THE LITTLE GIANT SWUNG;  
SWIFT AS A LIGHTNING FLASH IT SWUNG, UNTIL IT PLUMPLY BORE  
AND MET WITH AN OBSTRUCTION IN THE SHAPE OF LEW LAMORE.

IT CAUGHT HIM UP AND SPUN HIM ROUND, AND TOSSED HIM LIKE A BALL;  
IT PLAYED AND PAWED HIM IN THE AIR, BEFORE IT LET HIM FALL.  
THEN JUST TO SHOW WHAT IT COULD DO, WITH SAVAGE REND AND THUD,  
IT RIPPED THE ENTRAILS FROM HIS SPINE, AND DROPPED HIM IN THE MUD.

THEY GATHERED UP THE BROKEN BONES, AND SADLY IN A SACK,  
THEY BORE TO TOWN THE LAST REMAINS OF LEW LAMORE, THE MACQUE.  
AND WOULD YOU HEAR THE FULL DETAILS OF HOW IT ALL BEFELL,  
ASK MISSES RILEY DOOLEYVITCH (LATE TOUCH-THE-BUTTON-NELL).



and fainted. ✓

— Darling wait until I get home and if I dont make you do the same things to me as the man did to his woman I want you to shoot me.

your affectionate lover  
Mary.